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I LOVE THE NIGHT

I love the night, its dreams, its stars,
The sleepy winds that stir the lake,
I love the shadows round the firs . . . . . .
The long swift flights that night-birds take.

I love the golden ecstasy
Of night-walks in the country lanes,
I love the sight of farm-yard haunts
Slumbering after daylight wanes.

I love the sound of lisping streams,
Singing gaily through the night,
I love the broad and fragrant fields
Clothed in yellow mist and white.

But best of all I love the peace
That night bequeaths with reverent hand,
When I can wander with my thoughts
Over the slumbering dreaming land!

LELAND J. BERRY.

WORK AND LEISURE

A PAPER of this kind must of necessity be rambling and disjointed, and cannot but appear didactic and prudish. Even so, it might help people to focus their attention on a subject of paramount importance, and urge them to think about it and to map out for themselves a course of conduct in keeping with their own natures and in accord with opportunity.

In these days of keen competition and grim struggle for existence, when most men and many women have to fight for a living wage, when civilization gets more complex and we are thrown more and more into contact with our fellow-creatures and with machines, we tend to forget the significance and value of leisure and are in danger of ourselves

becoming soulless machines. Even those, who are fortunate enough to be well supplied with this world's goods, are frequently obsessed with one idea, and plunge headlong into Politics or Social Welfare or Committee work and forget that there are other things worth giving a thought to. Prematurely bitten by the germ of politics or philanthropy, they hurry, unprepared, with no reserve of thought or learning and with no true message, into a whirlpool of wild rushings-about, fierce barks at a stolid populace or indiscriminate showering of largesse; they do not realise that it is personality that counts in the long run and that all their efforts are but wasted, when not backed by deep thought, genuine unselfishness, a strong personality and real vision. How ridiculous do they appear sometimes, airing their shallow minds in argument or lecture.

> "When only foolish reasons can be found,
> He argues best who utters not a sound."

There are many of these "one-aim" people, whose tastes are atrophied and minds are made morbid by this ceaseless activity in one direction, with no variety, no leisure, no ambition but one. "It appears that we have not made a judicious investment. Works and days were offered us, and we took works."

Watch the average wage-earner returning in the evening to his home. He staggers in with hollow eye and strained look, takes no interest whatever in his family or his surroundings and forthwith proceeds to hold forth on how he scored a point off his boss or punished a subordinate, or decided a case, or argued an appeal, or performed an operation, or gave a lecture, or bought some securities, or something similar. How often are social clubs made the centres of party politics, or places where members exchange views on "Shop". I know of a college at Cambridge, where the talking of "Shop" in "Hall" is penalised by the fine of a shilling, the shillings incidentally contributing to the contents of a communal "loving cup." I would penalise all those, who, at a place set apart for recreation and social intercourse, injure themselves and bore others by talking about their work. Such people brand themselves as hopelessly selfish.

"But," says the harassed worker, "You talk of leisure, but I have none." This is absurd and an illusion. Every man or woman can find time for leisure, not years and months, but precious hours and moments every day. "We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments that signify."

Granting that leisure is the prerogative of all, what do we do with it, how do we occupy the moments we can call our own? It is better to be kept grinding at work night and day than to waste leisure in blank inactivity. We in India are scoffed at as dreamers and visionaries. We may have been so in the past, but now we are more likely

to be nothing at all, except machines that grudgingly perform the day's duties, to rest betimes in vacant lethargy and helpless inertia. It is good to be doing something, it is good sometimes to be a dreamer or a visionary, but it is bad to emulate a log of wood.

What then are the uses of leisure, what are the benefits it might be expected to give us? First, we must aim at variety and change from our ordinary vocations; we want to rest and recoup our energies; we want to switch our minds right away from our work, and to turn to something refreshing and new; we must build and strengthen the body, and refresh and exercise the mind by doing any or all of a host of things, each according to his taste, such as games, reading, the arts, hobbies, nature study or contemplation. "There can be no greatness without abandonment."

Secondly, our leisure hours must give us the opportunity of building up personality and developing good taste. It is here that we really differ from the brute beast. The tiger hunts its prey, gorges itself and then lies down, doing nothing. But man, who has been endowed with a highly complicated nervous system and a flexible brain, can rise to untold heights, if he but applies himself to mental development. "We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity and grandeur of character acts in the dark and succours people who never saw it."

The greatest contributions to real progress have been made, not by men of actions, but by dreamers and visionaries, the men who have observed things around them, loved Nature and all the works of God and evolved for themselves a wide and kindly philosophy. "Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself an end . . . . and when I look at your business men . . . . importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal care . . .", let us be grateful that "we have leisure to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars."

Finally, one must plead for forbearance and to live and let live. Let him, who loves to spend his leisure in gush and gaiety, leave the "poor worm," who prefers quiet and contemplation, to his solitude. We should treat the "days" with respect and kindliness. "Life is good only when it is magical and musical, a perfect timing and consent, and when we do not anatomize it. You must treat the days respectfully,

you must be a day yourself, and not interrogate it like a college professor. . . . . . We must be at the top of our condition to understand anything rightly. You must hear the bird's song without attempting to render it into nouns and verbs. Cannot we be a little abstemious and obedient? . Cannot we let the morning be."

W. R. S. S.

DRAUPADI—A Study in Contrast

INDIAN womanhood enshrines the names of several sweet and lovable characters. With all their wonderfully feminine delicacy about them, they never fail to impress us with a majesty and dignity all their own; so much so, that they are far removed from appearing the "dressed up toys" of man. Draupadi, the great Queen of the Pandavas, towers high above all her sister heroines. One finds in her dashing courage, fiery indignation at her wrongs, profound learning which won her the title of *Pandita,* as well as the uncommon virtue of forgiveness and tenderness to her fallen foes. Let us try to see the two contrasting aspects of her, Draupadi the Terrible, and Draupadi the Merciful.

The Pandu brothers passed through their valley of humiliation, according to their plighted word. They emerged joyously out of their exile and proposed to send a mission to the Court of Hastinapur to reclaim their former Kingdom. But Duryodhan, the usurper, was at the height of his power and intoxicated with pride. He could snap his fingers at the disinherited Pandavas. Yudhistir was always for peace and friendship, as became him. His other brothers, the mighty Bhim and the peerless Arjun, bowed to the behests of the eldest born and were willing to surrender their Kingdom in return for a grant of five towns.

Sri Krishna, the go-between, liked to appear an impartial person, and so spoke of compromise and brotherhood. Last of all, came the turn of Draupadi to tender her opinion on the matter. Her speech to the Divine envoy is full of her fiery spirit—was she not born of fire? Her hot indignation at the insults offered to women was tempered by sorrow.

Let us render her speech in the language of her epic-historian, Sri Vyas. "Oh Lord of mercy, you have heard from my lords their views. They are too ready to accept the insulting gift of five villages. I beseech you, Sir, not to think of compromise, to accept nothing less than the whole Kingdom. Don't show any tenderness to our enemies, who deserve only the severest chastisement for their unchivalrous conduct. It is the duty of my knightly husbands to smite down without mercy such grasping and sinful rulers. Sinful it is to allow such

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PHOTO : R VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

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creatures to live at all, on the face of the earth. I ask this assembly of my heroes this question. Is there in all the wide world a greater queen than myself, the beloved of the mighty Pandava princes, the darling of the King of the Panchalas, born of the sacred fire, the friend of the Lord of Dwaraka, and the foster-mother of the invincible Abhimanyu? Yet, is there a worse example of misfortune and degradation than mine? While you, heroes, were living,. and in your presence, I was shamelessly dragged by my hair along the street, by the accursed one. You, warriors, sat dumb, and motionless, while I was treated worse than a slave. He, who insults a lady, be he the very Brahma himself, deserves no mercy, much less our vile cousins. Remember the sins of Dussasan towards me. If such warriors as Bhima and Arjuna turn out cowards, I have still other friends to avenge me. My father, though old and infirm, is ready to draw his sword for me. There are the dauntless sons of mine, five in number, truly lions in war, with Abhimanyu as their leader, sitting restive and ready to hack to pieces the tainted Kurus. Till it is done, my heart cannot find any peace. The flame of anger has been burning in me, white-hot, for the last thirteen years; how else can I quench it, but in the blood of my enemies? My heart is like to burst, when my Bhima speaks of Dharma and peace. Ah, pity me!"

Sri Krishna soothed her, saying:—"Weep not, my sister. Soon you shall behold the wives of your enemies washing with blood-red tears the feet of their smitten lords."

The fratricidal war raged on furiously for 18 days. Duryodhana, the Beelzebub of the fallen army, found all his hopes vanished. Out of his millions, only two survived, himself and Aswathaman. Duryodhan could not die in peace till he had destroyed his enemies root and branch. Aswathaman undertook the task for him. On a dark and fearful night, he stole into the Pandu's camp, like a common thief, and cut off the heads of the sleeping sons of Draupadi. But even Duryodhan was aghast at the cowardly deed of his friend; he disavowed the act and rated him for his disgraceful action.

The discovery of the dastardly murder of the princes spread consternation and sorrow all through the Pandava lines. The Queen, Draupadi, was plunged into sorrow and anger. She would neither eat nor drink. She would give no rest to her husbands, till her dear ones had been avenged.

Then ensued a terrible duel, and Aswathama, the cowardly murderer, was brought in in triumph. The prisoner could expect no mercy. He was taken into the presence of the sorrowing Queen, who was to pronounce the final doom of his death. It was a tense moment. Silence hung on every lip, awaiting with bated breath, the death-warrant of the captive. But the sight of the helpless Ashwathama wrought a

sudden revulsion in the feelings of the Queen. Her inflamed passions subsided as by magic. Pity claimed her heart; and the spirit of the mother awoke in her. She spoke gently to her husbands. "Let this coward go. Punish him, I cannot. Is he not the only son of our Guru's wife. Spare her the agony of sorrow for her child; I, alas, know its intensity. To plunge others into sorrow for the sake of our grief, is not just. I forgive the sinner. Let the son of my Guru's wife live long."

V. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

THE BOOK OF JOB

ONE of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament of the Bible is a splendid dramatic poem, which Victor Hugo called the greatest masterpiece of the human mind. According to Froude, the "Book of Job" is an extraordinary book and to call it unequalled of its kind is to say very little about it. When Milton determined to write a grand epic, he had a desire to attempt the story of Job, and Shelley was minded likewise when he cast about for a subject for a great lyrical drama. But, both of them dropped the attempt, for as soon as they set about the task, they found that the story was already such a magnificent poem, that all their genius could do nothing to better it.

The theme of the Book of Job is as old as man and as wide as the world. The reason of human suffering is an old old question, that has puzzled wise men from the beginning of the world until now. We often see in the world the ungodly, blessed like a tree planted by the river of water that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, while the godly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. A Christian, troubled by this sight, may derive comfort from the thought that righteousness will find its reward in the life that follows death. But a Hebrew had no such belief. When, after the downfall of the Kingdom of Judah, the Israelites were in captivity in a strange land, the divine government of the world became a perplexing problem to them. Jeremiah had exclaimed, "Wherefore do the wicked prosper and wherefore are they all happy that deal treacherously?" An unknown writer tackled the subject, employing strange idioms and strange allusions, but left the question unsolved!

In a still, calm, most majestic prologue told in the fewest possible words in prose, we are introduced to the circumstances in which the characters in the drama came together. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil." He had seven sons and three daughters and he had substance in plenty, which made him the greatest of all the children of the East. The Almighty regarded him as a man,

like whom there was none else on earth. One day, the sons of God presented themselves in heaven and Satan was among them. Satan had marked Job, and how he feared the Lord; but he thought that Job's piety was due to the fact that God had set a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he had, on every side. Satan challenged God to put forth His hand and touch all that Job had, and then test his integrity. God accepted the challenge and said unto Satan, "Behold, all that Job hath is in thy power; only upon himself, put not forth thine hand." Satan then deprived Job suddenly of all his substance, his sons and daughters. Still Job held fast to his integrity, exclaiming "Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But God had not tested Job fully, so Satan held. "Skin for skin," he said to God, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Put forth thine hand and touch his bone and his flesh and he will renounce thee to thy face." And the Lord answered, "Behold, he is in thine hand; only spare his life." Satan left the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. Job took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal and sat among the ashes. His devotion to God disgusted his wife, who said unto him "Dost thou hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die." But he replied, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?"

There were three friends of Job, who, when they had heard of the evil that had come upon him, came every one from his place to sit with Job and to comfort him. Thus began the trial of a "perfect and upright man like whom there was none in earth", a trial with the Almighty God and the angels as spectators.

Some time had passed since Job's calamities, and a striking change had come in his mind by the time his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, had arrived. He was no longer so submissive, as he had been, when the evils had fallen on him, and his wife had taunted him on his loyalty to God. For seven days and seven nights, the friends sat with him and spoke not a word, seeing the great grief he was in. At the end of the seven days and seven nights, Job broke out, violently cursing the day, when he came into the world and asking why he was permitted to live a wretched life. He longed to be, where "the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary be at rest."

Then began a debate between Job on the one side and the three friends on the other. The debate was conducted in an orderly manner and is recorded in verse. What is known to us as poetry has no likeness to the poetry written by a Hebrew. Hebrew poetry lacks both rhyme and metre and is so like prose that we may not be often certain whether

we read prose or poetry. It was based upon "parallelism", which was the outcome of the mental habit of the Hebrew to express himself by a direct statement and then to amplify it by expanding it, or modify it by stating an opposite truth, connecting the two statements with the word "and", or "but".

Eliphaz was the first to speak to Job. He was superior to his two companions in the depths of his views and the varieties of his arguments. He was not prepared to believe that Job's sufferings were unaccountable. "Who ever perished, being innocent, or were the upright cut off?" he asked. Bildad spoke against Job with greater severity and passion than Eliphaz, entrenching himself behind wise proverbs of remote antiquity. Zophar was still more violent in his arguments, clothing the reasoning of the others in a constrained and pompous style. All the three held that a man suffered because of his transgressions. Their tone towards Job was one of rebuke. Job had his shortcomings and it was necessary that he should repent his sins. If he did so, God would restore him certainly to his former prosperity. Job, on the other hand, argued that their theory that sufferings were the outcome of sin, might be true in general, but that his case was an exceptional one. His sufferings baffled explanation and remained a mystery, which could be accounted for only by God. The three friends repeated one another's statements, with but little difference. The sameness of their arguments was intentional, for they expressed not their individual views, but represented the prevailing opinion that God was ever just in His dealings with men and that He punished the wicked, while He rewarded the good.

In vain did the three friends seek to defend the celestial throne from the pointed arrows of argument, that Job darted against heaven, smarting under the pain of wounds inflicted by God. They had come to point out the justice of his sufferings and to comfort him; and they had not only failed to convince him, but had also added to his pain and sorrow. At last, they ceased to reason with Job "because he was righteous in his own eyes."

Now appeared on the scene a very interesting character. "Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the family of Ram; against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God." In Elihu, we see a masterly picture of juvenile presumption endeavouring to conceal itself behind the mask of modesty. The conceited over-bearing youth was incensed at the three friends retreating into silence. With all the captivating ardour of youth, he spoke eloquently, condemning Job. But in the main, he spoke not differently from his predecessors. He repeated many of their arguments that God was just and dealt to every man what he exactly deserved. But Job did not honour him with an answer.

An awful silence followed the presumptuous words of Elihu. Job was anxious that God Himself should vindicate him. According to his wish, the Lord appeared in a whirlwind and said with a voice of thunder, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" His voice silenced all—Job, his three friends and the arrogant youth. God demanded of Job answers to a number of questions affecting His government of the Universe. In a series of splendid pictures, He caused the panorama of Nature to pass before the eyes of Job, the earth, the sea, the stars, the light, the rain, the snow and frost, the lightning and the varieties of marvellous instincts and powers possessed by animals. The wonders and omnipotence of His wisdom were so obvious, that the heroic Job sank into a deep humility. Job confessed that he had uttered that which he understood not; and seeing and hearing God, he abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes. God turned also to Eliphaz and said "My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right." He commanded them to offer up for themselves seven bullocks and seven rams that they might not be dealt with after their folly.

And so we learn from the "Book of Job" that even a righteous man may suffer. It is wrong to think that suffering is always the result of sin, for God may put the righteous on trial. A man who is truly righteous will not break away from God in his sufferings. The moral government of the world is not thoroughly comprehensive to the human mind and the true solution of moral perplexities is to be sought in the larger and fuller sense of God's wisdom and power.

The book ends with an epilogue, in which Job is restored to double his former prosperity. "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." Job died old and full of days, after living an hundred and forty years and seeing his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations. It was but just that Job should be indemnified for his sufferings, as they had arisen from God's desire to defeat Satan. This end might be according to the fitness of things in poetry. But it need not have been so in life. As Froude says, Job might have died upon his ash-heap, as thousands of good men have died, and will die again, in misery!

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some time ago, I came across a conversation about Job between two women in a modern novel. I should like to quote it as an *addendum* to the above interesting article.

"Why don't you read the Book of Job?" asked an Englishwoman of another, who had suffered a great calamity; "It is a wonderful bit of literature, and here in the East it strikes you with vivid flashes of

insight. I know nothing of it from the point of view of learned authority."

"I have met many Job's comforters: people like Eliphaz, who pointed out, that it was happening to everybody; 'and now it is come upon thee and thou faintest.'"

"Job saw what a fallacy it was to pretend that the wicked do not prosper, and it made him doubtful of ultimate justice. He claimed personal merit and saw it unrewarded, unprotected."

"To me there is no more fascinating history than Job on his defence, justifying himself and judging God, as you do."

"And so you cannot find Him good enough for you" said the other woman cruelly. "You say—if I were God I would not do that. Job was righteous in his own eyes too, you know. A modern young woman like you should feel something in common with Elihu, the youth, who said: 'there is a spirit in man and the Almighty giveth him understanding;' *but*, 'great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand the judgment.' Elihu realised that each individual must co-operate to exercise that gift of intelligence and free-will; he said 'let us know among ourselves what is good.' Yet *he* was not a rebel; he admitted that God 'openeth also their ear to discipline.'" Her voice lingered on the ultimate word. "You and I, where armies have come and gone, sitting here in the midst of an army at this moment, find that last word a true one, I think. No nation will discover and preserve what is good, without moral discipline. You can't, you *can't* do just as you please!"

"Here I am in this inexplicable world, with a body that is an odd box of tricks to me. I have all sorts of urgent needs to satisfy. I must eat and sleep and wash and dress. Certain people are companionable to my mind and I seek their society. I see beauty and desire it. Movement is necessary to me; so I want horses and motors and a good band when I dance. And I get sick of myself, and become fond of people. Being a European, I turn to Christianity for help; not to the Hindu deities, nor Mahomed, nor Buddha. Religion is not silly and sentimental—I can feel that—it is thrilling and strong and difficult. Prayer and worship and grace might just make the whole difference, develop my soul, open up communications, direct me towards the real truth, give me the necessary powers. But, there's a lot of bother and discipline in it. That would completely put me off, if I did not suspect that Paradise makes perfect. When the kingdom of heaven is within you, it stands for happiness. So, unless there is a catch somewhere, *it must* be possible for me to acquire a mental attitude which ensures satisfaction with life. Only, I must have faith in a something that is neither mammon nor man; and I must love, and I must make a sound use of my mind and body."]

OUR CHILDREN

(A play in one scene)

(URMILA, a young Brahmin widow, not dressed like a widow, is seen in a large kitchen, finishing the preparation of some *Palaharams*—Indian cakes).

Urmila.—There, those are ready for frying. I wonder when mother will come. I would do it myself, but I promised to wait for her. Poor mother! she is so afraid that I shall overwork myself. In the meanwhile—

(Goes to a mirror and unfastens her long hair. She takes a comb and begins smoothing and arranging the hair over her brow and ears.)

(Enter mother)

Mother.—All ready, Urmila? Your father will be coming soon. What are you doing, my child?

Urmila.—Nothing particular, mother, only combing out my hair. Mother, how can I thank you and father for allowing me to keep my hair, even though I am a widow, and my pretty clothes too.

Mother.—(Evidently ill at ease) My dear child—

Urmila.—(Still busy at her mirror) I wish I could wear some jasmines, mother; but I suppose I cannot? Eh? Well, well, there must be a limit, I suppose. And no jewels, besides my one pair of bangles and my ear-rings? All right. By the way, have you ordered that piece of tussore silk for me? My friend is going to teach me to stencil such a beautiful border on it, simple yet pretty.

Mother.—My child?

Urmila.—What is the matter mother? You seem all distrait today. Are you not going to fry those *Palaharams*?

Mother.—Yes, yes. Where is the frying pan, and the ghee, and the iron spoon? (Bustling about uselessly) Oh, I cannot find anything today. Urmila, I wish you would come and help me, instead of worrying about your hair.

Urmila.—(Runs to her mother, and holds her hand) Are you angry with me, dear? Why? Do tell me.

Mother.—(Sitting down suddenly and bursting into tears) Oh—oh—oh—I wish I were dead and at ease.

Urmila.—(Kneeling by her) What is the matter? Is it father again, with some new theories? But you are quite capable of coping with his foolishness.

Mother.—(Through sobs) I wish you would not think your father foolish. He is a wise man.

Urmila.—Ah—hem!

Mother.—You children are getting too much above yourselves now-a-days. And you are getting too vain, also. You think of nothing but your looks now. What, indeed, have *you* to do with good looks, Urmila?

Urmila.—Why? Because I am a widow. Oh mother!

Mother.—(Stubbornly) Yes, the priests say so. We are giving you too much liberty.

Urmila.—Indeed, do the priests say so? What have they to do with us?

Mother.—Everything. And that means, I must tell you—oh, oh, oh, how can I say it?

Urmila.—What is the matter, mother?

Mother.—You—you must cut off all your beautiful—hair—and wear the widow's dress—oh—oh—

Urmila.—(Standing up) Do the priests say so? And what do you say, mother?

Mother.—You are a widow, my dear child, and we are told that God has thought it best to punish you for your sins, though I do not know what sins you could have committed.

Urmila.—Oh mother!

Mother.—Yes, you are a very good girl, though it is I, your mother, who says so. And there is no ill-wind that blows nobody any good. I am thankful you are with me, because you are a widow. Why, I did not know what to do, when you were away these two months. Oh Urmila, don't cry. What can I do, child, to ease your sorrow?

Urmila.—(Weeping) Nothing mother, and yet—and yet ——

Mother.—(Weeping also) What can I do for you, dear child? Oh, glad as I am to have you with me, what have you done to deserve such a miserable fate?

(A pause).

Urmila.—(Drying her eyes) Mother, it is fate. We must submit to it. But you said, did you not, that you would do anything for me?

Mother.—Anything in reason.

Urmila.—Mother, you are sad for my suffering, are you not? you are sad because God has thought fit to make me a widow so young in life?

Mother.—Alas, alas!

Urmila.—And yet, dear mother, you are preparing Janaki for the same fate, Janaki, my little sister, your little daughter, so small, so pretty, so sweet!

Mother.—Child, what are you saying? Avert the evil omen! I am preparing her for her marriage.

Urmila.—(Sternly) Mother, how old is Janaki?

Mother.—Ten.

Urmila.—And Sadasiva Rao, whom you intend for her husband, how old is he?

Mother.—(Sullenly) Forty.

Urmila.—What a difference! Oh, mother, does it not hurt your conscience? Are you not doing something wrong to marry this little girl to that old man? What chance will she have in life, but to be a widow soon? (Weeps again).

Mother.—It cannot be helped. It is fate. We have all suffered, and our children must suffer.

Urmila.—What is fate? How do you know that it is her fate that she should marry this man?

Mother.—Child, do not be so rude to your old mother.

Urmila.—I am sorry, mother, but one must be cruel to be kind. Is it fate, I ask you, that she should be married to this man? Is there no one else she can marry?

Mother.—There are many people; but none so rich, or so well-placed as Sadasiva Rao, or indeed, so good. Indeed, he is a very fine man. You have not seen him yet, Urmila?

Urmila.—I do not wish to see him; but I do object to our modern utilitarianism. What we all look to, now-a-days, is money, and position. Goodness comes only in the third place. And happiness, not at all. Do you ever stop to think how a young, young girl, can be happy with an old, old man?

Mother.—None of us do. I was married like that and so were you?

Urmila.—And yet, you are sorry for me, because I am a widow. What else could I be, mother, when you gave me a husband three times as old as myself?

Mother.—(Crying) Child, child!

Urmila.—(Getting up and kneeling beside her) Mother, mother I beg you, beseech you—

Mother.—It is not for us to think of such things.

Urmila.—All the reformers, now-a-days, are speaking of the evils of early marriage, and of the marriage of young girls to old men.

Mother.—Let them! May they be cursed! what business have they to interfere with our own customs?

Urmila.—For our own good, mother, not for theirs. Now, listen like the good little mother you are.

Mother.—But first, tell me, what about yourself? The priests are clamouring that you should dress like a widow. And your father insists on it. Be reasonable, my dear. I hate to think of you as a shaven widow, but the priests are priests. They are the men of God.

Urmila.—(Aside) Are they? (To her mother) Shall I make a bargain with you?

Mother.—(Suspiciously) What bargain?

Urmila.—Will you promise?

Mother.—No, I will not, till you tell me what it is.

Urmila.—Very well, then. You promise me two things,—not to get Janaki married so early, and not to marry her to that old man; and I, in return, will promise to get my head shaved, and wear widow's dress.

Mother.—One alternative is worse than the other. We shall be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The priests will be more vexed.

Urmila.—(Standing up sternly) Very well, then, I shall not do as you ask me.

Mother.—Urmila!

Urmila.—(Stubbornly) I am adamant, mother. I absolutely refuse.

Mother.—You are a wicked child; oh—oh—oh (cries).

Urmila.—(On her knees) You know really that you are all for us to be free. It is only custom that blinds your eyes. You are so wise, mother, and if you think a little, you will see things as they ought to be seen.

Mother.—Um—um—um.

Urmila.—Why should we be priest-ridden? Are we not our own masters? And how often do the priests go wrong? What about their action in the case of Menaka? They drove her mad, and made her kill herself.

Mother.—That was her fault and her fate.

Urmila.—Oh! I am sick of the word 'Fate.' What is fate but the will of a good God—a *good* God, mother, who likes to help us by giving us free will. Don't you see it? Oh, mother, try.

Mother.—But—but—your father?

Urmila.—(Laughing through her tears) Oh mother! You know father will do whatever you tell him. You can always influence him.

Mother.—(Smiling) Can I? You are a flatterer, you know.

Urmila.—Of course. He now wishes to marry our Janaki to this old man. But, who persuaded him to it?

Mother.—Who?

Urmila.—It was you? Father first was all for reform. After I—was widowed, he did not wish to marry Janaki young; and you—you—mother—you—forced him to change his mind.

Mother.—(Proudly) Why should I not?

Urmila.—Yes, why should you not, indeed? You are an orthodox Hindu lady, the head of an orthodox Hindu household, and what business have your orthodox daughters to submit to social reform?

Mother.—(Doubtfully) Yes—yes.

Urmila.—Probably, Janaki also will be widowed soon.

Mother.—Avert the evil omen !

Urmila.—And then, we shall both be left on your hands. Father is old, and you have no sons. If—if anything happens to father, which God forbid, who is to look after us three ? Have you any money ?

Mother.—I have my jewels, and—and—I have a few rupees put by from the household money.

Urmila.—Father is rich ?

Mother.—He has some lands, yes.

Urmila.—Who is to look after them ? His brothers will come forward, and take all the money, on the pretence of looking after us, and we also will have to go into their care. Then, what shall we do ? How can we be happy ?

Mother.—I shall appeal to Government, to give the lands into my hands.

Urmila.—Then, who will look after them ?

Mother.—An agent of ours.

Urmila.—Who will probably cheat us. No, no, mother, that will not do.

Mother.—What can I do then ?

Urmila.—Listen, mother. Don't marry Janaki now. Let her finish school, then go to College.

Mother.—No—no.

Urmila.—Yes, yes, mother dear. And then, let her marry whom she likes. Her husband can manage our lands.

Mother.—Your father will never consent. He has set his heart on Sadasiva Rao. There are limits to my influence, I tell you.

Urmila.—Women can do anything they like with men, mother. Let father think you are humouring him, while you get your way.

Mother.—But, Sadasiva Rao ?

Urmila.—Why not ask him to wait a few years more, say five, till Janaki studies a little longer at school.

Mother.—He will never consent.

Urmila.—Let him go then. There are hundreds of others. Our family is a good one.

Mother.—But, we shall get a bad name.

Urmila.—Risk it, mother. After all, is not the woman the Shakti of the house ? In the woman's hand lies the power of the world.

Mother.—True.

Urmila.—And if women do not show the right way to men, who can ?

Mother.—True.

Urmila.—It is up to us to lead our own men right.

Mother.—It is.

Urmila.—You know what Tennyson says—'If she be small, slight-natured, miserable—.'

Mother.—Who is Tennyson?

Urmila.—One of the greatest of the English poets. Mother, do you not think it is up to us to show the world that we can be as good and as sensible as women of other nations?

Mother.—Oh, child, we are only meant for the house, and the kitchen.

Urmila.—Not so, not so. We do have our houses to see to; but we have also to see to India.

Mother.—How?

Urmila.—Only if women are free, can India be free.

Mother.—Really?

Urmila.—Yes, and it is people like us who must show the example.

Mother.—I am a poor miserable woman.

Urmila.—You are my mother, and I—and I have a heart which wants to serve all India. Oh, mother! You want to see me happy, do you not!

Mother.—Of course.

Urmila.—Help me then to assist to set India free. And first, see about Janaki.

Mother.—How?

Urmila.—Just try to influence father. What a feather in your cap it will be if you can make him change his mind again!

Mother.—Can I?

Urmila.—Of course you can. And, there is father coming to have his food. Now mother, do not forget.

(Exit)

(Enter the father, a tall old stout man, dressed in a *dhoty*, with an *angavastaram* round the bare upper part of his body. The mother gets up and spreads a carpet for him, and pours water on his hand.)

Father.—(After washing, squatting down on the carpet.) Dear, dear, I am so tired. What a business these marriages are! But it is all nearly settled now. And it is all due to me. You must admit, wife, that I am clever!

Mother.—I do. (She sets a leaf before him, and proceeds to serve him with cakes and coffee.)

Father.—(Eating) And you have been my right hand, all along. What could I have done without you?

Mother.—Everything. You can always stand up for yourself.

Father.—Do you think so? But why should I ask—I know you do. About this marriage dowry now, I have been able to knock off half of what was first asked. Is that not good?

Mother.—Oh, very good, but—

Father.—No dowry at all, eh?

Mother.—That would be better still, but—

Father.—I do not know if I can manage it.

Mother.—I am sure you can. You can do anything. Why not tell them, we cannot give our Janaki otherwise.

Father.—Oh no, that would be cutting our own throats.

Mother.—But they will come round.

Father.—Never! They will go to some other family.

Mother.—Let them!

Father.—And we? What shall we do about our Janaki?

Mother.—She—can—go—on—with school.

Father.—What!

Mother.—She is very, very young to be married.

Father.—What, have you changed so quickly, Sita? It was you who made me change my mind, and now—

Mother.—(Soothingly) Your own good sense made you change your mind; and now you will do what is best.

Father.—Eh?

Mother.—What is the use of this humdrum life of ours? Here, we have been good Hindus, obeying the customs, honouring the priests, sacrificing our children,—

Father.—Sacrificing them?

Mother.—(Firmly) Yes, what else have we done? Our Urmila is a widow, thanks to the old customs. By the way, (reproachfully) you have forgotten all about our Urmila, and the sad fate set for her by the priests. You have not even asked how she took their command.

Father.—Sorry. How—

Mother.—She refuses, except on conditions.

Father.—Indeed, she must obey.

Mother.—Why should she, indeed?

Father.—What?

Mother.—Yes, it was our fault that she is a widow, and now, our Janaki is destined for the same fate, I suppose.

Father.—Sita!

Mother.—Yes, indeed, yes. Why should we suffer, and our children suffer, for the sake of other people? And not only that, but we have also to give dowries to sacrifice our daughters. Injury added to insult!

Father.—True, true.

Mother.—And what do we get out of it? Any special praise or consideration? No, on the other hand, we are looked down on by several people as old-fashioned creatures. Everywhere, people are advancing.

Father.—And you think we ought to advance too?

Mother.—Yes, of course. When we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do. Then, perhaps, we shall get some praise.

Father.—We shall.

Mother.—We shall be looked upon as social reformers and perhaps we shall be given a medal, or get a title from Government.

Father.—A Rai Bahadur! How good! But we shall be excommunicated.

Mother.—We may! on the other hand, we may be called orthodox reformers, or something like that!

Father.—Yes. And after all, Sita, you must remember that I advocated this all along.

Mother.—You did, you did, and it was I who hung back. But now, I have learnt the lesson.

Father.—You are a wonderful wife!

Mother.—And you a more wonderful husband!

(Janaki enters and stands by the door, with head down.)

Mother.—Oh, there you are, child. Have you washed your hands? What is the matter with you? Are you not well?

Janaki.—(Coming to her, and hiding her face) Oh mother, I am feeling so shy.

Father.—Shy? That is a new thing with you.

Mother.—Why, Janaki?

Janaki.—He—he—is there, waiting.

Mother.—Who?

Janaki.—The—the—man, who will—

Father.—Sadasiva Rao.

Janaki.—Um—

Father.—Sita, what shall we do? I cannot see him. I am going out by this door. I have some urgent business to do.

Mother.—No, no, my husband, sit down. What is he doing, Janaki?

Janaki.—He is sitting down. And what an old man he is, mother! He is like father.

Mother.—Hush, child, hush. Where is Urmila?

Janaki.—Oh, by the way, Urmila is talking to him.

Father.—Really?

Mother.—Really? But how? She usually does not do a thing like that.

Father.—Never, indeed.

Janaki.—She was passing through the hall, and he—he—stopped her to ask the time.

Mother.—Dear, dear!

Father.—Oh, Sita, this may be a solution to all our troubles.

Mother.—What? Our Urmila? That is nonsense indeed. What will the priests say?

Father.—They will say enough in any case about Janaki. Why not go a bit further about Urmila?

Mother.—Eh?

Father.—After all, our children must be happy. And, in for a penny in for a pound. What do you say, Sita?

Mother.—(Dazedly) I do not know what to say, indeed.

Father.—And, if we want to get a title, we must go the furthest we can.

Mother.—Ye—yes.

(Enter Sadasiva Rao, a tall handsome middle-aged man, and stands outside the door, on the verandah. The father goes to him, the mother stays inside, listening. She sends away the reluctant Janaki.)

S. Rao.—Is that your daughter?

Father.—Who? Urmila? Yes, our eldest daughter.

S. Rao.—How is it I have not seen her before?

Father.—She is just back from a long stay with a friend. She is a widow, you know.

S. Rao.—She does not look it.

Father.—(With head down) No, she does not. (Then looking up bravely) But why should she? She is our child, and we can do what we like with her.

S. Rao.—You can indeed. I agree with you. There is no use of spoiling beauty like hers.

Father.—Beauty?

S. Rao.—Yes, indeed; she is a beautiful woman.

Mother.—(Inside) Ah—h—h.

Father.—Sadasiva Rao, I have something to say to you about that dowry question. We—cannot give any dowry for Janaki—

S. Rao.—Never mind ; I need not marry her.

Father.—Indeed ? Of course, you need not marry her, and you will not, either. We are sending her to school and college.

Mother.—(Inside, softly) Ha—ha—ha—

Father.—(Glaring at her) Yes, if you want her, you must wait for her.

S. Rao.—Indeed, for how many years ? Let me see, she is ten now. Five more years in school, and four for college—the earliest—nine years more, and I am forty now. I cannot wait so long.

Father.—I am sorry, but—

S. Rao.—(Hesitating) May I say something I—I, dash it all! By the way, how old is your daughter Urmila ?

Father.—Twenty. We lost many children between her and Janaki.

S. Rao.—(Softly) Twenty. Much nearer to my age than Janaki. Ganapathi, will you—give her—to me ?

Father.—What ?

S. Rao.—I wish to marry her.

Father.—What, you too ? Are you too in league against the priests ? (Clapping him on the back) Oh, good, good !

S. Rao.—I am glad you are pleased. Is it settled, then ?

Father.—Yes, settled ! let the priests do what they like. What do you say, Sita ?

Mother.—I agree.

S. Rao.—Thank you, lady. But I am really surprised at you both. You are very brave.

Mother.—(Simply) It is for our children, and for India.

Father.—(Vaguely) True—

Mother.—But—what about Urmila herself. She may not wish to marry again.

S. Rao.—You can surely make her obey you.

Mother.—We cannot. Having given in to them in so many things, we must now allow them to exercise their own will.

Father.—Ye—yes. Where is Urmila ?

Mother.—She will be coming soon. I have sent Janaki for her. Ah, there she is. Oh, Urmila, have you been there long ?

(Enter Urmila shyly)

Janaki.—(Appearing from behind her) Yes, she has been listening to you, and so have I. And I am glad—glad—that I am not marrying that—

Mother.—Hush! Janaki. So, Urmila, you have heard everything. What do you say, child?

(Going to her, and holding her) don't be shy, dear. Look up. This worthy gentleman wants to marry you. He is a brave man, and is not afraid.

Urmila.—(Softly) But you—and father—what will the priests say?

Mother.—Let them say what they like.

Urmila.—Thank you for your sacrifice, father and mother.

S. Rao.—(Advancing) Do you consent?

Urmila.—Ye—yes.

Father and Mother.—(Together) Then, both our children will be happy. Thank God!

Mother.—And our Urmila need not look like a widow. Oh! I am so glad!

KAMALA.

THE POWER OF FATE

THE College was closed for the Michaelmas vacation and my friend X and I had arranged to start together for our homes on the same day by the 21-20 train. We lived in the same town.

I was in my seat at 21-10, but my friend had not come and there was already another person waiting near the door of the compartment to fill up his place. "My friend is sure to come, Sir. We reserved our seats as long as two days ago, and so you can get into some other compartment", said I. But before I could hear what the intruder had to say, my friend was there saying under his breath, "I am not coming now, I shall come only after next Monday". "Why? why?" I asked, with anxious looks. "I shall write to you all about it. My father sent me a letter two days ago to my hostel address, which only reached me to-day. He has warned me not to start till next Monday should have passed, since an astrologer seems to have predicted that during this month till next Monday I should not undertake any journey. I shall write to you all about it. I have returned my ticket," he said.

And before I could criticise my friend's action, the engine puffed, and my friend got down, and the stranger was in the seat that had been intended for the other. Through the window, I shook hands with my friend and we bade each other "Good-bye".

My companion in the train was a garrulous old man and he began conversation with me with an enquiring glance: "I could not help hearing your friend's words. I think there is wisdom in his action. Is

there not ?" Thinking that his expectation was an answer in the negative and to avoid further conversation on the unpleasant topic, I said "Yes, Sir, he was really silly", and I opened my book. But my old companion would not allow me to read.

"There is no armour against Fate", he said; but, before he could proceed further, I interrupted him. "Yes, Sir," I said "but only when connected with Death I believe."

"Young man, I also thought the same forty years ago. But now I have changed my mind, for it is certain that we are but the play-things of an hour, and the programme of our life has been once and for all fixed and Fate will have its way."

"I did not mean Fate, Sir, I meant his belief in astrology," I interrupted.

"Yes. And I was coming to that. Hear me, young man. Forty years ago, I was twenty-five years old and had just become the father of a girl, my only child. My wife was very superstitious, argue with her as I might. She consulted an astrologer about my child's stars.

"'Twenty-seven years hence this child will be the unfortunate mother to a widowed daughter of twelve and she may not live to see that,' said the astrologer.

"I was young then and made fun of the prediction. Yet, I made calculations. Only if she should be married before she is fifteen, she could have at her twenty-seventh year a daughter twelve years old. Well, I would not allow her to marry before she was eighteen! The argument was quite logical; but things had a different end altogether. My wife died before my girl was ten years. And, before she grew up to thirteen, manly people appliedfor her hand; and, as I was not really superstitious, I could not reject the offer of a rich and educated suitor of a good family, who demanded but a small dowry. Well, she was married and exactly at her fifteenth year she was the mother of a girl! and an astrologer was consulted on the baby's stars.

"'All threatening' said the man. 'She will be healthy, but she will experience a shocking loss in her twelfth year and that may ruin her health.'

"An uncontrollable shock thrilled me, and I prayed, 'If there is any truth in astrology, Oh God, let me not live to see all this.'

"My son-in-law said it was all nonsense and I half believed it, and she was married, and scarcely a year had passed after the marriage when we all started on a journey. We could not all of us find places in the same compartment," murmured my old companion, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "Well, the train was derailed, and only I and my granddaughter escaped. The loss of her parents and her husband was too much for her, and an attack of typhoid ended her life.

"Young man, these experiences were enough for me to change my old casual view of Fate and Astrology; and believe me when I say that man may try to guard against Fate, but that Fate will work its will and take man unguarded."

We parted some time after, and he went one way, while I went another. But his story troubled me till the Tuesday after, when my friend reached home safely.

Would he have been safe, I wondered if he had travelled with me as arranged at first? Certainly, he would have been, for no accident had happened to me. But, would it have happened if he had been with me? In that case, my fate would have had to be changed on the sudden. Then, the programme of my life could not have been fixed. Fate then was not unchangeable; or what was Fate?

Or perhaps, my friend would have met his fate in some other way, in the same journey, without including me in his destiny. Well, it was all a complicated problem, the solution of which would not be easily found. The best thing I felt was not to worry about the future, but to trust in Heaven. Fate after all could be but the will of a good God.

A. M. G.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. The Rocket and the Stars.

The shining stars lay twinkling up on high,
Like radiant diamonds hanging from the sky.
Oh, what a world of calmness round them dwelt!
No strife or sorrow had they ever felt.

As I watched these sparkling gems of silver light,
My spirit seemed to mingle with the night.
I lost myself in Nature's beauteous grove;
With worldly griefs my soul no longer strove.

But, all at once, when I was in this dream
The night was shattered with a flashing gleam
And through the air, a flaring rocket flew
While from its depths, bright, sparkling gems it threw.

Like drops of vari-coloured crystal rain,
They showered through the darkness, grain by grain.
Like beads of scintillating, sparkling hue,
Through the inky night, these fragments flew.

This beauteous sight with rapture I espied.
I thought that mortal power with God had vied.
For the gems the rocket scattered through the sky
Were better far than stars that gleamed on high.

But soon, these colours faded in the night,
And once again, the stars shone, silver bright.
And then I thought of what the Poet said
That fireworks in ashes soon are dead.

For men's creations just an instant live,
And glaring pleasure to the spirit give;
But Nature's wondrous glories never die
They live for ever in the earth and sky.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

2. Miss Mayo.

All the beauty of this land of ours,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the flowers,
And love and peace and joy and charity,—
All these, and more, does our dear India own;
But she wrote about our sins and faults alone.
She launched her boat upon our evil mires,
Forgetting we had beauteous lakes and seas.
Of cruelty and sorrow and disease,
She freely spoke; that we may weep and groan.
Alas! our virtues did not touch her soul;
But our evil customs to her fingers stole,
And made her write such gruesome ugly tales.
Oh, surely it will taint our innocence
To read such books; we have but one defence,
And that must be, to shun and scorn her works.
But, we can also pity her and say,
That she has missed the true and proper way,
In trying to help the country with her books.
For she has been unjust to this our land,
And India's beauty does not understand.

AN INDIAN GIRL.

THE MOHURRUM

YEAR after year, the *Mohurrum*, which has just been celebrated, turns the hearts of the vast Mohommedan population of India to thoughts of the sad events, which happened years ago in Iraq. Year after year, they mourn and weep for the martyred grandsons of their Prophet. There is nothing, I think, so pathetic as one of the events, which comes towards the end of this great festival. Mohommedans of high birth and family, of exalted position and great possessions, march barefoot in company with the humblest professors of their religion, beating their backs and breasts with knotted ropes, and with chains, which are sometimes even weighted with nails and bits of iron. A woeful, yet melodious, chant of lamentation rises on the air; blood spurts out and dreadful

weals rise on the tender flesh; while cries of real sorrow and despair fill the air, piercing the hearts of even those, who do not profess the Prophet's religion.

What do they mourn for? The story goes that, after the death of the great Prophet of Islam, the Assembly, which had the right of electing the Caliph, peacefully nominated, one after the other, the three successors to the throne of Arabia. After that, however, a dispute occurred. The heir to the throne was Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. But the Saracens, to whose kingdom had been added the realms of the far East and West, wished to have a free right to the election of the commander of the Faithful. Ali became Caliph; but his kingdom was torn by divisions, and eventually he was murdered. Then, a usurper, Yazid, was raised to the throne. Hassan and Hussain, the sons of Ali, and the grandsons of the Prophet, refused to acknowledge his authority; but at the same time declined to compete for the supreme power. So, they retired humbly to a cave in Medina; but they were not left in peace there. Yazid directed a campaign against them. Hassan was poisoned, and his brother was forced to take shelter in Mecca. Eventually, he was persuaded to take up arms against the usurper, whose ways of life he did not consider suitable to a successor of the Prophet. A list of faithful adherents of nearly 150 thousand, was drawn up and sent to Hassan, and he marched to the plain of Kerbela; but there he and a small company of friends were isolated, and surrounded by a vast body of the enemy.

He did not lose courage, however. He was reported to have bravely said: "Our trust is in God alone. All things, both in Heaven and earth, must perish, and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than me; and every Mussalman has an example in the Prophet." He begged his friends to secure their own safety; but they refused to leave him. Finally, he was forced to join battle, and his followers were killed. Alone and wounded, he sat at the door of his tent, with his son and his nephew; and there the enemy found him. He was wounded in the mouth by an arrow, and the two beautiful boys with him were killed. Raising his bleeding hands to heaven, and uttering a prayer for the living and the dead, he threw himself at the enemy. Someone struck him on the mouth with a cane, at which a groan of horror went up. "Alas, alas," cried an old soldier, "On those lips have I seen the lips of the Apostle of God." Again and again he was struck, and when at last he died, no less than thirty-three wounds were found on him.

In the memory of the two martyred brothers, an annual festival called the Mohurrum, was instituted. But gradually, from a frenzy of sorrow, horror and religious triumph, the festival has come

in several places, and with certain sections in India, to lose its original sanctity. Now, during its course of ten days, several scenes of merriment take place. People disguised as wild animals, such as the tiger and the bear, and other *veshams* (disguises), dance in the streets to the music of drum and pipe ; youths with faces and bare bodies blackened with paint, and shining with oil, strut about and yell and caper ; man disguised as women dance the *Nautch* ; several other silly and ridiculous scenes are acted. But, there are not wanting true followers of the Prophet, who still commemorate the grief and frenzy of old.

On the tenth day, a procession is held of the *Taboots*, or cages, and *Panchas*, which are constructed to represent the coffin of Hussain, and the lances, which did him to death. Financed as some of these concerns are by rich people, the *Taboots* sometimes present a splendid spectacle. Preceded by Mohommedan music, which generally sounds very pathetic, the procession moves on with noise and shouts of merry-making, intermixed with lamentations, to a large tank or lake near the town. Into the water of this, the *Taboots* are dipped ; and with that, the glory of their gilt and tinsel is gone ; and slowly and sadly and quietly the mourners return home.

K.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

WITH the growth of Nationalism in India, our ladies are becoming more and more independent, not only in their attitude towards life, but also in their use of foreign goods and clothing. There are some, who like to encourage Indian industries, and thus, the saris they buy must be woven in India ; and the soap, ink, pencils, and all other household necessities they use must be manufactured in their own land. This is indeed a useful way in which to help the country, and we only wish that all our ladies can be induced to follow the leading few, and encourage our Indian industries. How else will our country prosper ?

There is, however, a tendency among those ladies, who are thoroughly Indian at heart, to be too intolerable and rigid in their views. They are apt to look down on others who may not conform to their views. For instance, they may be able to afford rich saris woven in India ; but, when other ladies wear, say, *crepe de chine*, or some other foreign silk, they look down upon these poor unfortunates.

There was a young Indian girl, once, who was dressed in an extremely pretty *crepe de chine* sari, with a unique Indian border sewn on to it. The whole outfit happened to be much cheaper than, and as pretty as, a silk sari woven in India, and naturally the owner was rather proud of her attractive, and at the same time economic, outfit. What was her

disappointment and consternation, then, when another Indian lady, dressed in a tip-top Benares sari, turned round to her, and in a cutting tone, remarked ; " You should not wear such saris. You should encourage Indian industries, and not go in for foreign silks."

" But," answered the girl, " you are not wearing *Khaddar*. Your sari is also foreign, for the silk fibre is imported from foreign countries."

" Ah, that may be," remarked the other, " but it was woven in India."

" Still," said the girl, " your sari is much more expensive than mine. I cannot afford to buy such costly saris. Mine is as pretty as yours, and much cheaper."

And so, the conversation ended ; but it had made the girl unhappy, because she had really been proud of her sari, and was extremely disappointed with the remarks which had been passed on it.

Now, it is necessary for all our Indian ladies to encourage our own industries ; but, is it necessary to be prejudiced against those who may not be able to agree with their views ? After all, happiness is a thing that is as valuable as helping one's own country, and surely it is as bad to make somebody unhappy, as it is to be unpatriotic. I am afraid that some of our Indian ladies, in their enthusiasm to help the progress of India, become a little too arbitrary, and are inclined to force their views on others, at the expense of being rude.

Perhaps, thay are also inclined to sacrifice their own health in order to carry out their theories ; for, I once heard an Indian lady, who had just returned from England, say :—

" I never wore shoes and stockings in England, for, the great thing is to show foreigners that we are thoroughly Indian."

I could not help being surprised when I heard this remark ; for, was it not much better to wear shoes in a climate which needed such protection, than to risk the chance of being laid up with a chill ? Why go to England at all, then, if we are so very Indian ? Surely, we can do more work in our own country, than waste our energies in foreign lands ?

Our Indian ladies should also be more consistent, for they very often forget to practise what they have preached.

And, above all, let them try to be more tolerant in their outlook on life, and perhaps try to influence others without being rude or over-sarcastic in their remarks.

SISTER SUSIE.

FRIENDLY CHATS

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

MAY we bring the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to the generous notice of our readers? It is edited in the interests of the women of India. It is an old Magazine, having been started in 1901, at a time when the rights of the women of India needed much advocating, as they were only then being publicly put forward. *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* was the first of its kind then; and might be safely said to have been an instrument, though a humble one, in the advancement of the cause of the women of Madras.

The annual subscription of the Magazine is only Rs. 5, a sum which is far below its necessities, since the monthly press bills are very heavy, owing to the fact that each number contains more matter than is warranted by the subscription. Hence, the journal is in great need of money, and requires the hearty support of the public, in the way of getting new subscribers, as well as in large donations. We have drawn notice to the fact that we have received the kind donation of Rs. 150 from Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar; and we hope that other well-wishers of India, will kindly help us liberally.

There are many ways, in which we could improve the Magazine, the chief of them being :—

1. The addition of sections in the different Vernaculars, for those women who do not know English ;

2. The opening of prizes to encourage essays and discussions on important subjects.

But, for such purposes, large sums of money are needed. We would welcome suggestions. as well as articles on topics of interest, from men as well as women. In this connection, we wish to bring to the notice of our readers, that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, though called a Ladies' Magazine, is meant not only for women, but also for men. We have often been told and with justice, that for the advancement of the women of India, we need the co-operation of the men ; hence, it is necessary to awaken the interest of the men of India on the different matters relating to the advance of their women. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* strives therefore to include articles, which will appeal to men as well as to women.

There have been different criticisms levelled at the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. One is that it is not intellectual enough to appeal to the educated minds of the more advanced women of India. To this, we would answer, that we do try to include a section for such intellectuals ; but it must be remembered that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is also meant for simpler and less educated minds and therefore has to cater for

their needs as well. Besides, may we point out that the true results of a good education should be, not only an appetite for very intellectual food, but also an undiminished, nay greater, interest in the ordinary affairs of everyday life?

Then, there is the other criticism that we do not specially advocate women's rights and privileges, especially the political aspects of them, as brought forward in other Magazines. To this, we would answer, that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is meant to be a social magazine. Of course, politics, as meaning service for the state, must enter into the social life of the people, and as such the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* does include that aspect. But, we have always gone according to the principle that the advance of Indian women must be *Intensive* as well as *Extensive*. There is no use of merely theorising, or in talking largely. There must be practice, and the sincere acting-out of principles. There is no use of women coming out merely to preach, if they are not prepared to carry out what they preach. What is the use of Indian women coming out to talk one minute of needed reforms, when the next minute they go back to ordinary routine and forget all about their high talk? In real advance, preparation is necessary for life to meet the demands upon it. The inner life must be moulded to support and justify the external aspect. Unless Indian women make themselves ready to appreciate and act up to a larger life than is given them, they cannot hope really to live up to the standards of higher living now being so largely advocated. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* takes this attitude, and strives more to prepare, than rush forward. As the *Indian Social Reformer* once had it, it represents more or less the conservative side of Indian reform.

Again, we have the opposite criticism that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is not romantic enough to represent the women of India. Is it necessary to point out in this connection that too much romance in modern days is not calculated to help real progress? Here again, practice is what is wanted, not too much imagination.

In conclusion, we acknowledge that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* has many faults and short-comings, which we shall try our best to correct. As I said before, suggestions for improvement will be very welcome.

We hope that the public will come forward to help us with articles of interest, as well as with subscriptions and generous donations.

EDITOR, 'I. L. M.'

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

1. Fairies—A Story

"OH Madhavi, I wish you wouldn't talk like that, because I know that there are fairies in this world. I've seen them, I tell you."

"All right, Malati. You may have seen fairies. You see all sorts of funny things. But I tell you, I know there are no fairies. I've never seen any, and I won't believe you, until I've seen one with my own eyes.—So there!"

Malati and Madhavi were the two small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sarma. Malati was eight, and Madhavi was seven. Both of them were very beautiful little girls, with lovely curly black hair, and fair delicate faces. But, there was a vast difference in their expressions, because their natures were different. Malati was a dreamy imaginative child full of love and affection for everyone she came across. She had beautiful large big eyes, like two dark pools of clear water with an unknown light shining in them. She spent most of her day in living in a dream-world, and her powers of imagination were so real, that she sometimes actually believed she was doing a thing which she was really only thinking about. Madhavi, on the other hand, was extremely practical. She had no imagination at all, and she never believed in anything which she actually did not see with her own eyes. These two little girls, were therefore always quarrelling and arguing, because Malati could not understand why her sister would not believe in all the beautiful things which she believed in, such as fairies and dwarfs and little wicked witches and beautiful princesses and handsome princes. She also felt extremely hurt and sorry, because Madhavi would not join in any make-believe game, but always wanted to play silly little real games. Madhavi, on the other hand, was really cross and angry with Malati for always worrying her with stupid rubbish, as she called it.

Malati was now trying to convince her younger sister of the existence of fairies.

"You say you have never seen a fairy?" she said. "Well, you have seen plenty of butterflies, with their gold and black and red wings, and you have seen beautiful flowers, and tiny leaves and little birds, haven't you? Where do you think all these lovely things go to at night? They just become fairies, and dance and play and sing in the moon-light, and then, as soon as the dawn appears, they quickly change their clothes and become butterflies and flowers and leaves and birds again, so that men may not see them as little fairies."

"Oh, what rot," returned Madhavi, "They are no more fairies than you and I. They are just ordinary butterflies and flowers and leaves

and birds, and, as soon as it gets dark, they just go to sleep. Why should they be fairies ?"

" Will you listen to something I shall tell you? Only you musn't laugh, because it is a great secret of mine. And you mustn't tell anybody about it. I have only told Mamma so far. She never laughs at what I say."

" All right, tell me, and I won't laugh. Only, hurry up, because I want to play Tiddlywinks with Jeeva."

" Do you remember, one night, about a week ago, when the moon rose like a big ball of fire over the sea ? " began Malati, in a hushed whisper.

" Yes, I remember, and mother told us to go to bed soon after it rose, and you cried because you said you wanted to watch the moon all night."

" But mother said it wasn't good for little children to keep awake the whole night," continued Malati. " So she took us to our room, and after we went to bed she kissed us good-night and came down again. As soon as she left the room, you went to sleep, but I couldn't sleep, because I could see the moon floating in the sky outside, and I was just mad to go out and run and play and dance. I knew there were thousands of fairies outside calling me to join them, and telling me that it was a shame to lie in bed on such a lovely night. I lay awake for a long time, because I knew Mamma would not like me to go out, but at last, after many hours, I could not stay in bed any more. I knew that mother and father had both gone to bed, and all the house was silent and still. So I slowly got up, and opened the door and went creeping down the stairs. Each step I put my foot on seemed to creak so loudly, and I was so afraid that some one would hear the noise. But, I was simply mad to go and see the fairies, so I went on. At last I was out in the garden, and oh, it was so delightful. I went running down the path with the long blades of grass waving their heads to welcome me on either side. I knew where the fairies would be. They would be waiting for me on the other side of our little pond, where those two or three mango trees grow together, and the ground is covered with soft green grass. I went to the edge of the pond, and there, under those trees I could see thousands of little fairies dancing, dancing madly in a ring, with a little magic lamp in the centre. I called to them, because I did not know how to get across, and one small fairy heard me, and she went running to the fairy queen, who was sitting on a throne made of jasmines and roses. She said something to the queen, and the queen waved her wand, and all at once, I saw a lovely boat, standing in the water. As soon as the fairies saw it, they shouted with delight, and many of them came crowding to

it. But there was only room for a few. The others waited on the bank, while these few came to my side, and told me to get in. I was simply thrilling with delight, and I could hardly get into the boat, because I was so happy. They took me across in the moonlight to the fairy nook, and when we reached the bank, they told me to go to the queen and kneel down before her and kiss her hand. So I went, feeling very frightened, because, although she looked very beautiful, with her silver wings, and in her little sari made of violet petals, I knew she could do what she liked with me. I went up to her, and knelt and kissed her hand. Then, she waved her wand over me and said, 'Comrades, come here.' And all the fairies came trooping up. Oh, they looked so pretty in their different-coloured saris and their silver and gold wings. How they glowed in the moon-light!

"'This is Malati, a little human child', said the queen, 'but she believes in us, so we can include her in our company. Let us all have a merry dance together, and then, we shall have supper on the branches of the tree.' She got up from her throne, and all the fairies shouted, 'Welcome to the human child,' and then we danced and danced out there. Oh, Madhavi, it was lovely, lovely. Oh, I had such a gorgeous time.

"After some time, the fairy queen suddenly stopped.

"'Time for supper,' she announced, and flew up and sat on a little mango that was hanging from the tree. All the fairies followed, but I had no wings, so I did not know what to do, until one of the fairies came down with a pair of spare wings, and stuck them on my shoulders. She told me to flap them, and as soon as they shook, up I went right through the air.

"They made me sit near the queen, because I was a guest. I had to sit on a branch, because I was too big for a mango.

"After we had all settled down, some of the fairies served us with the most exquisite honey taken from the innermost recesses of flowers. Then, we washed our hands in dew, and we all came down from the tree to play some round games; but, as we were just going to start, the moon-light became dim, and a funny grey light crept over the earth. All at once, the fairies stopped and fear came into their eyes. 'The day, the day,' they screamed, and they all disappeared somewhere, and I was left alone. I wanted to cry at first, because I had lost them, but then I knew I had no time to cry. So I started running, when I remembered that I still had my wings. In one minute, I had flown across the pond, and up through the window; into our room. As soon as I got in, my wings flew away from me, because fairy wings cannot stay in a mortal house. I crept silently to bed. You were fast asleep, and I felt so sorry because you had missed the lovely time, but I was very tired and, as soon as I closed my eyes, I was fast asleep.

"There, now do you believe when I say there are fairies?"

Madhavi had been listening with open month, for the tale had thrilled even her practical little soul, and now, she suddenly caught her sister in her chubby arms and hugged her.

"Oh Malati," she cried, "I believe you at last. I wish, I wish I could have been with you that night. You are sure it wasn't a dream, aren't you? You might have dreamt the whole thing, you know."

"Of course it wasn't a dream, you silly child. Oh, I am so happy now, because you believe. Madhavi, we shall always, always be friends hereafter, won't we, and we can have such fun with our fairy friends."

And the two little girls kissed each other, and went to tell their mother what had happened.

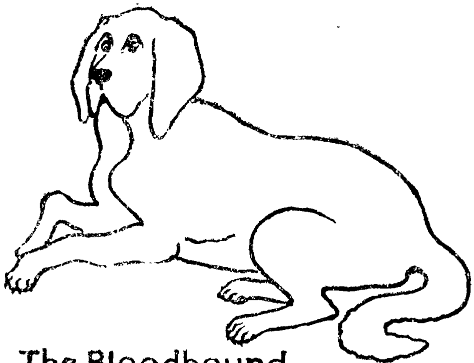
PUNKAJAM.

2. Our Letter to Our Young People

DEAR CHILDREN,

This time, I want to say a few words about dogs. I expect you all know that there are many kinds of dogs; but so few of us can make out which breed a dog belongs to, when we see one. The habits of the different breeds, and the particular things they are useful for, are all very interesting. Of course, I can only mention a few kinds here, and I cannot tell you much about them.

1. *The Bloodhound.*—These animals are found in Cuba, Africa and England. They have a very powerful sense of smell, and are extremely good at tracing men or animals. The English Bloodhound is often mentioned by old historians. The colour of this dog is reddish tan, shading into black on the back. It has a deep voice, and is a very large animal, almost two feet four inches tall. I have given a diagram of the Bloodhound.



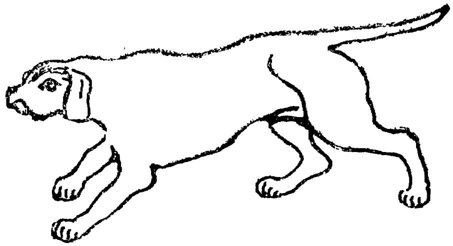
The Bloodhound.

2. *Foxhound.*—This dog is often used in hunting, as it is very good at tracing game. It is specially good at hunting the fox. The Foxhound is about one foot ten inches in height. There are many Foxhounds in England.

3. *The Newfoundland.*—This dog was at first found in Newfoundland. It is a very magnificent animal, and can be trained to draw small carriages and sledges. It is extremely fond of water, and is well known for saving the lives of people who have fallen into it. It is a very hairy dog, as you can see from the accompanying diagram.

The Newfoundland.

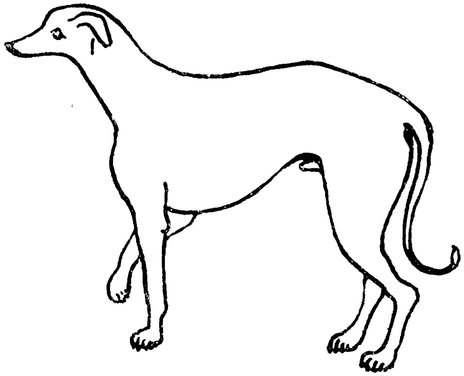
4. *The Pointer.*—This dog is called the Pointer, because it points out the place where the game lies. It runs about the hunting ground, until it comes close to where the bird or animal is, and then it stands absolutely still, with its tail pointing straight backwards. It stays like this until the shot is fired, and then it looks for the bird which has been shot.



The Pointer.

5. *The Bull-dog.*—I am sure all of you have seen a Bull-dog. It is well-known for its ugliness, and looks extraordinarily fierce. It is very brave, and never gives in in a fight. In olden days, there used to be a very cruel sport, in which people made Bull-dogs fight against bulls. The dog used to cling on to the nose of the angry bull, and never let it go. There is a story in a book about a cruel master, who had a wager that he would cut off the four legs of a Bull-dog when it had siezed a bull. He carried out this dreadful experiment, and won his bet, for the poor dog never let go its hold even while its four legs were cut off, one after another.

6. *The Greyhound.*—This dog is very swift, and is used for coursing *i.e.* chasing the hare. Its scent is not very good. It has not got much hair, and its snout is very long.



The Greyhound.

There are some dogs which do not belong to any particular breed, but which are nevertheless very charming. Many people despise mongrels. This is a pity, because a mongrel is often extraordinarily affectionate, and is as useful as a highbred dog. Here is a little story about a tiny dog, which was of no special breed. I read it in a natural history book.

The dog's name was Quiz. He had so much hair, that people could not make out on which side its head was. But on looking carefully, they could find two sparkling eyes under a mass of hair. He was extraordinarily clever. He could play the piano with his feet, and sing in a musical howl. He was very fond of being noticed, and did not like to be ignored.

At one time, his mistress was not well, and the doctor used to come every day, and feel her pulse, and ask her to put out her tongue. After some days, Quiz felt annoyed that he should be ignored by the

doctor, and one day, he was seen sitting on his hind legs, holding out his paw and putting out his tongue, just like his mistress. He was not very patient, however, and kept on drawing in his tongue every now and then.

Was he not a dear little dog?

Well, I must stop now, as I have already exceeded the space allotted to me.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XII.—TUBERCULOSIS IN CHILDREN

Tuberculosis of the lymphatic gland is the commonest form of tuberculosis affections in children. The glands of the neck are most commonly affected, being nearest to the throat and air passages and they enlarge in a SLOW manner. Those under the jaw are first affected, the affected ones enlarge, coalesce with the neighbouring ones and appear as a tumour under the jaw or on the sides of the neck. The skin over the swelling is not red or hot, or shiny (as in acute abscess), but looks healthy and is freely movable over the swelling. The disease is frequently associated with eczema of the scalp or the ears or some dental mischief. The child does not seem to be ill, does not get fever generally, the swelling is not very painful, and the inflammation is a slow process, taking perhaps months. Ultimately, the swelling forms pus, bursts of itself, and leaves a ragged ulcer which takes a long time to heal.

Treatment.—Painting the swelling with a diluted Tincture of Iodine[1] every 4 hours and attending to the eczema, if any, of the scalp or its neighbourhood, is the first step. Then, the administration of Syrup Ferri Iodide[2] (available in all chemist's) in doses of 3–30 drops in proportion to the age, two or three times a day, until the swelling or swellings disappear, is essential. A combination of the syrup with cod-liver oil, continued for months, will be a still better method. Dietetic and hygienic details (mentioned under Tuberculosis of lungs) are, of course, important and should form part of the treatment. It must also be remembered that a child suffering from Tuberculosis of the glands is very liable to develop Tuberculosis of any other

[1] Tincture of Iodine, may cause small blisters, if the skin is delicate. In such cases, it should be given up and Iodex ointment substituted.

[2] Syrup Ferri Iodide is liable to undergo discolouration and only fresh supplies should be obtained.

organ, chiefly the lungs, and all precautions in the matter of hygiene and diet should be fully observed.

For oil bath and daily toilet, an oil prepared with the expressed juice of the Nirgundi leaves [1] and any bland oil should be used for a long time. It can also be applied to the swellings with great benefit.

The question of surgical removal of the glands should be considered, when the swelling persists in spite of suitable care, when they enlarge and extend in spite of treatment, and when they become soft and show signs of pus-formation inside. Ugly scars at the neck will be inevitable, but it is well to remember that scars of a surgical operation will be less obvious than those which follow a spontaneous opening of the gland.

Tuberculosis of the Joints.—Among all the joints of the body, the hip joint in children is the one most frequently affected by tuberculosis. How, actually, the Tubercle bacilli enter this joint is difficult to say. There is usually the history of a slight accident to the joint, before the disease actually comes on. Obviously, the bacilli, which may have found their way into the circulation, are attracted towards this joint at the time of the injury, and they find themselves flourishing; their business is to eat away bit by bit into every element of the joint, giving rise to dead materials, deformity, etc.

The first and the foremost sign of tuberculosis of the hip joint is that the child begins to LIMP in an awkward fashion and does not get over the limp for days together. (There is no acute pain or complete disability.) Secondly, the joint affected will be found to be *rigid*. This can be elicited in the following way: make the child lie down flat on his back and getting hold of the healthy leg, flex the thigh on the abdomen, extend it, take it inward, take it outward, and rotate it round and round, just to get an idea how a healthy thigh would move in its joint. Now, take the affected side and perform the same movements; it will be found that movements in every direction will be met with a certain amount of resistance and there may be pain also. It will not move as freely and as fully as the other. The third important sign is the presence of a certain amount of DEFORMITY somewhere about the hip. The deformity will be best noticed when the child is made to walk. He will walk with a limp, tilting up the hip and carrying it forwards along with the thigh. There will also be slight wasting of the thigh muscles on the affected side.

In arriving at a diagnosis of this condition, it should be remembered that children are very susceptible to tuberculosis of the hip joint, and therefore any affection of the joint, which is NOT ACUTE and which lasts for more than 3 weeks, should be looked upon with great suspicion.

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[1] Nirgundi: Telugu = Sindhuvaruma; Tamil = Chinduvaram; Canarese = Bile nekki.

Coupled with this, if the signs mentioned above are positive, one can be almost sure of the diagnosis. The prognosis of this condition is by no means unfavourable, but the risk of the little patient developing tuberculosis of other organs must not be overlooked.

The treatment of this condition will be comparatively easy if it is given in the early stages, when the deformity has not far advanced. The child must be confined to bed and the limb placed in a horizontal position. This position must be maintained under medical advice, perhaps for 3 months or so. During this period, the child should be placed on good anti-tuberculosis treatment, by way of liberal diet, open air, cod-liver-oil, etc., combined with Calcium[1] and Iodine theraphy.

Tuberculosis of the Bones.—The commonest bone affected is the spine. It is characterised by a slow destruction of the vertebral bone, leading to its gradual disappearance, and the formation of a curvature of the spine. It may appear at any period of life, but it is most common in the first ten years of life, particularly between the 3rd and the 5th year. Any part of the spinal column may be involved, but the middle of the back is the commonest.

The earliest signs of this condition are PAIN and RIGIDTY; the pain is not severe, being caused only by a movement of the spine such as bending, twisting, etc. The pain can also be elicited by direct pressure over the spine, or by tapping the head. Rigidity of the spine is a constant and early accompaniment of the disease. The back is held stiff, the child abstaining from all movements which would bend it. Thus, in order to pick up an object from the floor, the knees and hips are bent, and the child gradually lets himself down, with an absolutely rigid back into a sitting or squatting posture: and while in the squatting posture, the child will be noticed to support himself by resting his hands on the floor. The rigidity can also be demonstrated by laying him on his face, grasping his ankles, and ascertaining the amount of movement of the spine by lifting the legs and also by moving them from side to side. In a healthy child, the legs can be elevated and the spine bent back nearly to an angle of 60°, whereas, if the spine is affected, this movement will be impossible or very much limited.

In later stages, a DEFORMITY will be noticed and it is generally an angular curvature of the spine with a bulging at the spot.

Prognosis of this disease is, on the whole, bad; left to itself, this disease will progress steadily and give rise to local abscesses and paralysis of the lower limbs, thus endangering life by the formation of bedsores and other septic complications. Years of patient treatment are necessary, and occasionally, the most severe cases may end in recovery.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

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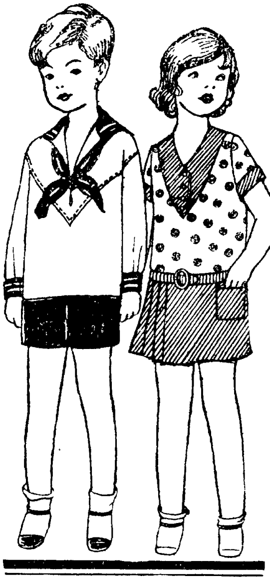
[1] Calcium Therapy: The preparation called the "Tricalcine" is an excellent form of calcium which promotes nutrition and growth of bone-tissue.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

Suits for a boy and for a girl (in washable silk)



Boys' Middy Suit with wide-knee trousers, 2 to 8 yrs.

Girls' Dress with yoke, 4 to 14 yrs.

From "Children," the American Magazine for Parents.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

Scrambled Tomatoes

Remove the skin from twelve tomatoes, cut them up, add a teaspoon of butter and a teaspoon of salt and bring them to the boil. When tender, add five or six beaten eggs. Stir one way for three or four minutes, until tomatoes have thickened. Serve hot on toast.

Baked Vegetables

6 medium-sized carrots	1½ cups thin white sauce
6 medium-sized potatoes	Salt to taste
6 medium-sized onions	1 tablespoon butter. Dash of paprika.

Peel and slice potatoes and carrots, mince onion and mix all together. Season with salt. Pour into buttered baking dish and pour over all a thin white sauce. Dot with butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until tender.

Apple Pies for Children

A nice make-believe apple pie for little people, who are not allowed pastry, is made by preparing five or six apples as for stewing. Put them in a pie-dish with sugar and a little lemon juice. A cup of sugar will be enough, unless apples are

very sour. Cover with fine stale breadcrumbs. Pour three tablespoons of rich milk over the top and bake until fruit is cooked and the top nicely browned. These can be made in saucers for individual servings.

Tomato Sauce

2 cups stewed tomatoes
1 slice of onion
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
¼ to ½ teaspoon salt

Cook onion with tomato till tender. Melt butter, add flour and blend. When smooth and bubbling, add tomato mixture, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Let it boil three or four minutes, season, strain and serve with cold meat.

Swedish Pudding

1 quart water
½ cup granulated tapioca
¼ teaspoon vanilla
8 oz. glass currant jelly
½ cup sugar

Bring water to a boil, add tapioca and sugar and cook over boiling water until clear. Take from the fire and beat in the currant jelly. Add vanilla. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Apple and Orange Dessert for Children

6 apples—pared
Juice of 6 oranges
6 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Make syrup of orange juice, sugar and butter. Pour over apples and cook till transparent.

Cottage Pudding With Chocolate Sauce

1½ cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 egg
milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients three times. Break egg into cup, fill with milk and add to dry ingredients. Beat well and add melted butter. Bake in buttered square tin. Cut in squares and serve warm with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce

1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 or 2 squares chocolate
¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups boiling water
1½ teaspoons cornstarch

Stir chocolate, sugar, salt and boiling water over fire, until boiling. Cook five minutes. Add cornstarch dissolved in very little cold water and boil 6 or 8 minutes, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Add vanilla and use hot or cold.

All the recipes are from "Children," The American Magazine for Parents.

OUR HEALTH NOTES

(Selected)

Good-bye, T.B.!

An American doctor optimistically prophesies that tuberculosis will be only 'one of the relatively minor causes of death' in the future. Recent developments give support to this statement. An active anti-tuberculosis campaign has been in progress in America for the past thirty years. Local societies have been launched all over the country, which have co-operated with the health department and inaugurated a definite policy of tuberculosis control. As a result, the death-rate has been lowered by 60 per cent. and a standard of life reached, unequalled by any other country.

If the death-rate can be lowered so effectively in America, why cannot it in India? A large percentage of school children in zenana schools are suffering from tuberculosis, and yet they come to school day after day, exposing others to the infection. The poorer people must be reached with information, for it is they who suffer most. Public opinion must be aroused. It is to be hoped that India may some day have reason to be as optimistic as America about the stamping out of this terrible disease.—*The Treasure Chest.*

How to Resist the 'Flu

Influenza, which has lately appeared in epidemic form in some parts of Europe and America, still continues to baffle scientists. No one can tell what germ causes it, how it is spread, or how to stop it. Large sums of money have been spent in the study of this disease. But in spite of all the resources of Science, she is forced to own herself so far beaten. Doctors have no 'sure serum' with which to combat the germ. But they offer the weapon of prevention, which is more valuable than that of cure.

The following rules for the prevention of influenza have been tabulated by Surgeon-General Comming, for the benefit of the public:

'1. Avoid needless crowding. Walk to work when possible.

'2. Sleep with windows open.

'3. Take advantage of sunshine.

'4. Avoid people who are coughing and sneezing.

'5. Wash your hands before eating and do not put your fingers in your mouth.

'6. Do not use napkins, towels, spoons, forks, knives and drinking cups, unless they are clean.

'7. Use plenty of clean water, both inside and outside. Eat wholesome food. Sleep at least seven hours.

'8. Keep away from houses with influenza.

'9. Avoid dust and overheated rooms.

'10. Avoid undue chilling of the body.

'11. In case you do contract the disease, go to bed as soon as symptoms develop, and remain there till thoroughly recovered. Call in a doctor at once.'—*The Treasure Chest.*

Teething Traditions

The inexperienced mother usually dreads the time when her infant will start teething. She imagines her bouncing baby reduced to a skeleton, feverish and losing weight,—and herself in much the same melancholy condition through sleepless nights and anxious days. She has heard too much of the old teething traditions—that she must expect teething colds, teething rashes, teething fevers—in fact, club-foot is almost the only malady one never hears ascribed to teething!

If the mother would apply her own commonsense, she would realise that the process of teething extends over years, and Nature never intended babies to suffer ill-health all the time. A healthy child can grow his teeth as painlessly as he grows his toe-nails. The various skin eruptions and colds associated with teething have no direct connexion with the teeth.

How have these traditions persisted in nursery lore? From one simple fact—lack of reasoning on the part of old-fashioned mothers and nurses. Nowadays, every mother knows, or should know, that the blood circulation centres in any part of the anatomy where there is work to be done. It will be withdrawn partially from the interior, leaving the digestion working at less than full strength. Immediately, the hardness of the gums indicates a tooth imminent, the child's food should be reduced to the minimum that will satisfy him, and water given more copiously until the tooth is through. This will prevent the gastric trouble which produces a rash on the skin.

As regards so-called teething colds, they frequently coincide with teething, because the child has been allowed to get feverish from overfeeding at the time, and from disturbed sleep, and while in a low state has not been adequately safeguarded from draughts. If the gum is rubbed daily, and rusk given to help the tooth through, in addition to restricted diet, the child should not get into a low state, and special precautions against cold should be inaugurated, whenever the mouth first begins to get heated. Given these precautions, there is no reason why catarrh should accompany teething.

The only trouble the baby ought to have (and even this is not inevitable) is some slight lack of sleep from purely local discomfort in the gums. This usually occurs when the first tooth is late in appearing and has to pierce a very hard gum, and the mother can console herself by knowing that late teeth are good teeth. Many bottle-fed babies cut teeth as early as the fifth and sixth month, from the constant friction of the hard rubber teat, but the gums, while conveniently soft for the teeth to penetrate, are not yet ready to encase strong firm roots, and good permanent teeth follow good milk-teeth.—*The Madras Mail.*

A Newly-Discovered Property of Cold Air which explains its Wonderful Refreshing and Vitalizing Power

Why is heat depressing, while cold is stimulating?

Why can we do hard work with less effort and much less fatigue in cold air than in a heated atmosphere?

In a cold atmosphere the intake of air into the lungs is doubled.—The energy set free by the action of oxygen upon the tissues is the driving power of the body machinery and the source of heat. In heated air, the production of heat is

lessened, and less oxygen, hence less air, is needed, and the breathing becomes superficial. All the vital processes are slowed down. The heart beats with less force. The muscles are relaxed, and their efficiency and endurance lessened. The brain is less active. Nature closes the draft of the vital furnace.

Contact with cold air brings an instant change. Nature opens the draft. The chest expansion is doubled. The intake of oxygen is of course increased. As the blood becomes richer in oxygen and comes in contact with the body cells, their activity is increased, and very soon every vital organ is on the jump and a sense of refreshment and invigoration is experienced.

This new discovery ought to increase greatly the interest not only in fresh air therapy as employed in sanitoria, but in cold air as a prophylactic. The sleeping porch or balcony offers a convenient and inexpensive means of fortifying the body against almost every form of disease, and especially against those most formidable of maladies, lung tuberculosis, pneumonia and the "flu."

Sunshine and cold air together constitute the most powerful curative agents known and the most powerful means of fortifying the human body against the many foes by which it is perpetually menaced.—*The Health.*

Are You "Headachy"?

There is a kind of headache that is not bad enough to indicate that anything is radically wrong with the system, but that is bad enough to be uncomfortable and depressing, robbing one of the sparkle and vitality that is necessary to beauty. Usually, this type occurs rather frequently, and often at this time of the year.

To set matters right, it is only fair to your eyes to have them tested at once. Should the sight prove to be normal, consider the nerves. It may be that you could with advantage go to bed earlier and get up earlier. If your bedclothes are very heavy, and if the bedroom is not sufficiently ventilated, the result would be these frequent headaches. If your clothes or hat are tight, here might be another cause. Deep breathing in places where the air is as fresh and pure as possible is one way of curing a headache.

Many people are in the habit of taking a strong cup of tea. But this is not good, and may serve to increase the pain. Take instead weak tea without sugar and with little milk, and very hot. Rest in a darkened room is an excellent remedy for those who can take it. And another reason for headaches that is not often considered is bad teeth. A visit to the dentist may set matters right.—*The Madras Mail.*

Keep Young

It is right to be fearful of growing old. Nobody should grow old. We should all be happier if we could remain young.

And the beauty of it is one can be young as long as he pleases, for youth is not a matter of ruddy cheeks and nimble legs, but of the spirit. A grandmother, with wrinkled cheeks and white hair, can be as young as a girl of fifteen.

The things that age the spirit can be fought off by the will.

Fear is aging. It dries the blood, unstrings the nerves, paralyses the thought. Courage keeps the soul young.

Convention makes one old. Constantly looking about us to see what others are doing, and gauging our feelings, opinions and habits by what "they say," gradually takes the sap out of life. A certain amount of conformity is necessary, but we should be careful to keep the reserves of personality free. It is very easy to become smothered and senile under the pressure of fashion.

Want of faith speedily kills the youthfulness in us. The very freshness of the fountain of youth is belief. When you feel you have no more confidence in yourself, no more trust in others, no more credence in the great moral forces of good in the world, it means that your spiritual teeth are loose and dropping, your spiritual hands weak and shaky, and your spiritual legs rheumatic.

To retain youth you must cultivate and preserve your power to enjoy things. As our forms of pleasure become complex and expensive, the soul becomes stiff and cramped. To love simple food and drink, simple methods of play, simple speech, and above all, the manifest simplicities of nature, makes red blood.

Resist the inroads of pessimism. It means the twilight of the soul, and the empty night.

Whoever has ceased to wonder has become old. It may be said of him as of Ephraim, "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, and he knoweth it not." There can be no youthfulness without awe and reverence. The knowing person, the sophisticated person, is simply the prematurely aged.—*The Health.*

Concerning Scents

It is seldom that we trouble to think seriously of the important part played by the olfactory nerves in the daily routine of life, yet our senses are thrilled, repulsed, comforted, or soothed, by the things we smell, as well as by those we see.

Some people have an intense dislike for artificial perfumes of any sort, but I never met anyone who expressed disapproval of the scent of flowers; and I have heard hundreds of people say how much they like the smell of log fires, the scent of green grass and earth after a shower of rain, the aroma of hot toast on coming home tired and hungry after a long tramp!

All these things appeal to the senses and produce a feeling of well-being, just as a faint scent of lavender will instantly conjure up the vision of a country house and the well-cared for linen cupboard of a dainty woman. The odour of damp tweeds and leather bring instantly to mind the picture of a manly man on the open moors, and the fragrance of tobacco.

I fancy it is the abuse of perfume that makes it unpopular with some people. Often women have no sense of proportion and "lay it on with a trowel," so to speak, so that the atmosphere becomes permeated with a sickly, overpowering smell that nauseates sensitive folk.

Every dainty lady, like a flower, should select and be faithful to her own individual perfume. Just a suspicion of it—no more! In the years to come, who knows what memories may be conjured up by just that particular fragrance.

Scent should be chosen to suit the temperament of the person using it, and a temperamental atmosphere is created that is almost a permanent personality. —*The Madras Mail.*

OUR CEYLON PAGE

According to the present constitution, women have no franchise—The Donoughmore Commission, while granting manhood suffrage, set a higher age limit for women. Only women above 30 years of age are given the vote and the right to sit in Council. The reason the Commissioners urged for this restriction was that the new franchise greatly increased the present electorate, and a limit somewhere for a time was necessary to make proper adjustments. This point has also been much discussed and commented upon. On the whole the country is in agreement with the view of the Commissioners—though many criticise manhood suffrage and would like the age limit for women reduced.

* * * * *

There are two important women's associations chiefly for political purposes—the Women's Franchise League and the Women's Citizen Association. The former is of longer standing and gave evidence before the Donoughmore Commission. They wanted all women above 24 years of age having certain property or other qualifications to get the franchise. The League carries on active propaganda by means of meetings, and pamphlets.

* * * * *

That education is as necessary for girls as for boys is much more widely appreciated by the Ceylonese, and nearly the same proportion of girls as boys attend schools. Education being more widespread, the number of schools is proportionately *very* much greater in Ceylon than in India. The proportion of students going up for higher education is small. This is because Ceylon has no University of its own. The Ceylonese wished to profit by the mistake of India, and wanted to make elementary and secondary education first of all popular, through the length and breadth of the land. But at the University College, Colombo, which is affiliated to the London University there is quite a good number of men and women students. Ceylon will however soon have its own University. It is to be a residential one, on the model of Oxford and Cambridge; and located near the Hill Capital of Ceylon—Kandy—away from the mundane business world. The estimate for instituting it, presented at the last session of the council, was for 30 lacs of rupees.

* * * * *

A few years ago, Ceylon slavishly followed western ideals and western ways of life. The fashion now is to follow India.—Nearly all Singhalese ladies now wear the saree, and many of them dress in the style of the North Indian ladies. Sir James Peries, the President of the Council, interviewed by a paper the other day after his recent visit to India, advised that 'Ceylon should follow India.' Mahatma Gandhi visited Ceylon at the psychological moment when all Ceylon was beginning to get keenly interested in anything Indian; and his tour was a great success! The Ceylonese are easily roused to enthusiasm and are a very hospitable people.

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Lady Vidyagauri Ramanbhai Nilkantha is the wife of the late Sir Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkantha, the well-known political leader of Gujerat. Herself one of the first lady graduates of her province, she takes an active interest in educational and social work and is devoting her energies to the cause of social reform. She is connected with almost all the educational and social institutions of her part of the country, among which only a few can be mentioned here. She is the President of the Gujerat Stri Mandal, Gujerat Sahitya Sabha (Ladies Section), Sharada Mandir (a Montessori School); the Vice-President of the Ahmedabad Prarthana Samaj, the Gujerat College Musical and Dramatic Society; and the Secretary to Divalibai Girls' School, Bombay Presidency Women's Council (Ahmedabad Branch), Gujerat Ladies' Club, National Indian Association (Ahmedabad Branch), Victoria Jubilee Hospital for Women, Gujerat Vernacular Society, and a host of other institutions. In all her manifold activities, she has always been setting a noble example of devotion to duty, kindly grace, high-mindedness and all the best characteristics of a cultured Hindu lady.

Her daughter, Miss Vinodini Ramanbhai Nilkanth, B.A., is another Hindu lady who has distinguished herself both in scholarship and literature. She is the author of a volume of short stories in her own language, called "Rasadwar," and has recently been awarded a scholarship for the study of Sociology and Education by the University of Michigan (U. S. A.).—*The Modern Review.*

A Lady's Munificence

Srimati Kirpadevi, wife of the late Raghunath Pershad, Meerut, has created an endowment trust of Rs. 30,000 for running a girls' school named after her husband, a widow's home and other charitable institutions. Rai Bahadur Lala Sita Ram, President of the U. P. Council, will be president of the trust.—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

A Social Reform Marriage

A social reform marriage according to Arya Samaj rites has been contracted, the contracting parties being Mr. Natesa Aiyar, son of Srikanta Sastri of Coimbatore, and Seethadevi Ammal, an Adi-Dravida. A very large number of visitors attended the function.

After the marriage ceremony, Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu said that this marriage might be said to be an epoch-making one in the social reform world. The so-called Adi-Dravidas had been made untouchables by previous generations, and it was the duty of the present generation to reclaim them and include them in their fold. He would like a law to be enacted, making marriages like the present legal and valid. and said that it would be safeguarding the interests of the couple and their progeny if such marriages were registered under the Civil Marriage Act. He would also further advise people, not to contract social reform marriages without due deliberation and thought.

Dr. Natesa Mudaliar said that the ancients of this land made no distinction between castes. Their religion was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood

of man. That state should once again be brought into existence and he hoped this marriage would be followed by many similar ones.

Dewan Bahadur R. Ramachandra Rao said that South India was economically very low, because no one cared for his fellow-men, and the whole land was full of the voice of communalism. When once this poison of communalism was removed, they had a glorious future before their country.—*The Hindu.*

Free Education for Girls

The Government, have, I understand, directed that the recommendation by the Legislative Council on November 5 last, that the Madras Educational Rules be modified to the effect that poor girls reading in any educational institution, Government, local fund, municipal or aided, be exempt from payment of school fees in any standard up to form III, be given effect to from the current year. The exemption will apply to girls now reading in recognised secondary and elementary schools as well as to future entrants.—*The Madras Mail.*

Triumph for Woman

Dr. Winfred Cullis, head of the Physiology Department at the London School of Medicine for Women, has been elected Deputy Chairman of the Convocation of the University of London. Such a distinction has never before been conferred on a woman in this country, and marks another advance by women in University life.—*The Madras Mail.*

Woman's New Sphere

Mrs. L. M. Foster-Welch, Deputy Mayor of Southampton, has been chosen as President of the Port Sanitary Association of Great Britain for the next two years.

She is the first woman to fill the post.

Mrs. Foster-Welch's new honour is due to her long period of work on the public health and port sanitary committees of her town. During the past two years she has served as Vice-President of the Port Sanitary Association.—*The Madras Mail.*

International Women's Congress

"J. P." WRITES IN THE *Forward*:—

Many things have been accomplished by woman since she lost her inferiority complex and began to exterminate the notion, harboured by mere man, that the weaker sex must also be the inferior sex. Gone are the times when, in England and elsewhere, a lone band of heroic women fought valiantly for suffrage. England, Germany and other countries have long ago accorded woman the franchise and other privileges and, though there remains much to be done, much has been achieved. Perhaps, the War helped, but, chiefly the success is due to the untiring labors of the leaders and the rank and file of the international women's movement.

A review of the past and a programme for the future of woman's endeavours will be the feature of the eleventh congress of the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal citizenship. A call for this congress has been sent out by the President, Mrs. Corbett Ashby, who in her New Year's message,

urges that each country should send its most representative woman "to bring the tale of toil and its reward, with pride in its achievements won, and with humility for all that is left undone."

This gathering will meet in Berlin from 17th to 21st June this year, twenty-five years after the first congress which was held in that city in 1904. Over six hundred delegates representing forty-two countries are expected to attend. In addition, over thousand men and women prominent in the international emancipation movement, have already intimated their intention to come to Berlin for the congress and give their moral support to its decisions.—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

Women Protest

WHERE THEY DO NOT WANT THE VOTE

The women of Messolonghi—the city that saw Byron die for the freedom of Greece—have risen up in a body and denounced the growing cry, "Votes for women."

In a telegram addressed to the Speaker of the Greek Parliament and to the Minister of the Interior, they protest against the recent doings of their more modern-minded Athenian sisters. The telegram reads :

"The Greek family, which has been the foundation of the Greek nation, is endangered by the post-war notions that have driven the girls out of their homes.

"The Greek society will not profit much by the meddling of women in the electoral strife.

"Voicing the general opinion of this city, we protest against the propaganda for the conceding of the vote to women; it is carried on by persons hostile to the traditions of the Greek family and threatens to undermine its happiness."—*The Madras Mail.*

Child Welfare and The League

A group of ninety teachers from Australia, Canada, the Irish Free State, New Zealand and South Africa visited the Secretariat of the League of Nations in April.

These teachers have come to England for a year under the auspices of the British Empire League, and their visit to Geneva was arranged by this organisation.

The Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations has been studying legislation governing the position of illegitimate children in different countries, and the Social Section of the Secretariat has prepared a memorandum on the subject, which has still to be completed.

During the discussion of the memorandum, Dame Katherine Furse, who represents the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement, declared that it was necessary to study the problem not only from the point of view of the rights of society and the family but also of the rights of the child, and with an appreciation of the unfortunate psychological results which its position often entailed. This was generally accepted.

Children with physical defects necessitating special educational facilities, abandoned or strayed children, children alone in foreign countries, and children indigent and exposed to social dangers, are among the subjects in the course of study by the Child Welfare Committee of the League.

On the last point, a special inquiry is being undertaken by Mademoiselle Chaptal, the funds having been provided by the American Social Hygiene Association. She has already been at work in England and in France and is sailing for the United States in May, where she will spend some four or five weeks, afterwards proceeding to Canada for the latter part of the summer.

The discussion of the preliminary work brought to light some interesting information on the conduct of juvenile courts in various countries, the work of the auxiliary services attached to these courts, and the very useful part played by the voluntary organisations.—*The Madras Mail.*

Education of Young Girls

The direction which should be given to the practical education that girls between the years of eleven and fourteen are to receive in the "middle" schools, which are to be established under the Hadow Report, was discussed at length in mail week by a conference held at the Friends' Meeting House under the auspices of the Manchester and Salford Women Citizens. In the course of two and a half hours, many opinions were expressed which may prove of value to those who will be charged with the local school reorganisation.

Miss Weddell, headmistress of the Cheetham Hill Central School, opened the discussion by saying that not only did girls usually like housecraft, but they felt a strong pull towards it, because of the call of their future needs, which because they were usually two-fold, presented a difficulty. A girl left school at 16, and did not usually marry until 26 or 28. At present there was little opening for girls between 16 and 26.

As to the moral effects of teaching housecraft and the influence on character, Miss Weddell said handicraft and practical housecraft seemed to increase the girls' self-respect. "Work that has visible results," she observed, "has a satisfaction that manual work has not. That is one reason why so many take to knitting. They feel more virtuous after knitting a garment than after doing some really intelligent piece of work. They see themselves expressed in the finished work."

Miss Mary Heywood, who has charge of the Municipal Central Evening School of Domestic Economy, spoke of the ardent desire which she had for some years past found to be shared by girls over the age of sixteen years to be trained in practical domestic subjects. She rejoiced that needlework was to be given a better place in earlier education, for the work of her school had suffered lately because of the poor groundwork they had to go upon in the girls who came to them.

Mr. Roland Hall, representing the Manchester Teachers' Association, and at present headmaster of Thomas Street Mixed School, West Gorton, entered a protest against distinguishing too early between the education of boys and girls, and against depriving the girls of working-class homes, of any opportunity of cultural instruction merely in the interest of stressing these practical subjects in an undue degree. A girl required to learn swimming just as much as a boy, and he did not think needlework need be thrust into those early years. What with sewing-machines and knitting machines, this necessity for drudgery in acquiring needlework seemed to be past. And were cookery and dress-making purely women's jobs? Chefs and dress-designers were mostly men.

Miss Mary Clarke, headmistress of the Manchester High School for Girls, opened that part of the discussion which dealt with the direction education might take under the reorganised school, by remarking that the solution was not to be found in taking subjects that were merely practical in themselves but in the inclusion of more practical methods of teaching cultural subjects. Miss Clarke said she hoped the operating of the Hadow Report would do much to abolish artificial social distinctions in the schools and lead to a better re-grading. All education after the age of eleven she would regard as secondary and she saw no reason why up to the age of sixteen the curriculum for boys and girls should not run mainly on the same lines. The child of the contemplative type should have a practical education as a corrective and an inducement to spiritual humility.

For that type, manual work was very good, as providing respite for overbusy brains; but for the practical type, whose latent thinking powers could only be reached through some bodily activity, the school work had to be very carefully chosen. The practical training should not be vocational. It should be selected purely with the object of drawing out latent powers of expression.

Miss Clarke said she could not range herself with those who believed in domestic science for girls between the age of 11 and 16. It should come later. Having suggested that practical work for both boys and girls should encourage the exercise of skill in some manual work such as carpentry, Miss Clarke said that a valuable form of practical training would be furnished if girls and boys in these advanced schools were organised in outside brigades to take charge of the play of less fortunate children, whose mothers did not seem able to care for them.

Miss Ada Jackson, speaking as the representative of the National Union of Women Teachers, insisted that the purpose of education should be the cultivation of social efficiency. Everyone, she said, should acquire some skill in the occupations of everyday life.—*The Madras Mail.*

Are We Overdoing Sport?

(By E. H.)

The question sounds old-fashioned and morbid! Sport means so much to modern women. What would we do without tennis, badminton, golf, or lacrosse?

Yet these games, played to excess, ruin our figures, take our minds from serious thought, and tend to turn us from "feminine" girls to those most unpleasant of all creatures—manly women! The modern tend is so to perfect the game that every missed point is an aggravation. The tennis "expert" despises the mediocre player, and has no time at all for the girl who does not belong to a sports club. In a word, we take our sport so seriously that it is no longer a pleasure but an exacting monster, goading us on to a perfection that robs us of our leisure.

The lithe, athletic figure of a girl who plays games in moderation is beautiful; the muscle-bound, thin, masculine form of the sports-fiend is a disgrace to womanly beauty. The calf muscles become as hard as an acrobat's, the biceps and forearm muscles "stand out like iron bands," and the figure is robbed of all its moulded charm.

Why make such a business of sport? The ordinary player, who puts in a few hours a week on the course or at the nets, who laughs at her own shortcomings, and is sympathetic with those of others—who, in a word uses her sport as a Game, a source of pleasure in life—she is the one who derives joy from her pastime.—*The Madras Mail.*

Drinking among Women

Disquieting reports of drinking among women in cafes and factories were given at the Prohibition Conference held last month in Melbourne, and the necessity for securing the votes of women at the coming elections was stressed. Cocktails, and medicated tonic wines, and sly-grog selling were mentioned as among the serious menaces to society. Drinking among men is serious enough, but when the coming mothers of the race take to wine and cocktails, and even brandy, it is a bad lookout for the future of Australia. One speaker quoted from a liquor official in England:—" The votes of the flappers who drink cocktails are much more numerous than the votes of those who attend Sunday School."—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

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